

The Crusade

by D. Calme

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Summary: Seven throw away's of society go on one of man's greastest quests...

The Crusade

"The Crusade" Part 1 by D. Calme

Disclaimer: The characters in the are mostly mine, though I can't tell you who isn't. That'd be a spoiler. But the world they are in, isn't. Ohh yeah, I don't own the rights to Disney world, not just yet. Rated PG cus' G is for nerds and kiddies.

Note: This isn't a comic book fic. Actually, I wrote this based on the world of a superb novel called "Neverwhere", written by Neil Gaiman. If you haven't read this, READ IT. I'm not commanding you though. If you don't want to, just drop acid, then watching Alice in wonderland and/or Felix the cat.

Disclaimer to Note: Don't drop acid, drugs aren't cool.. And, uh, do watch Felix the cat. I'm not commanding you though.

The Seven had never seen each others faces before. They had no knowledge of one another beyond that destiny had made given them a chance at Purity, and what they were slowly learning. One female. Seven male. One youth among them. The bell tower was accupied by only one other. The Wiseman.

His wizened hands were all that could be seen in the dim of the room. The only light was the moon's gift breaking through cracks in the walls and ceiling, the windows were, mysteriously, black. Indeed, only his crack and hoarse voice let them now he was male at all. The Wiseman had only uttered three sentences in the hour they stumbled onto him, when all knew to stay for he was there destiny. The First. "Welcome, Ye Templar, true and bold, with minds of steel and hearts of gold." He chuckled then. "When I first heard those words they seemed allot less silly... ahh, but times change"

The last sentence was, in truth, a word. "Wait."

They had waited for the last hour, listening to the old man's wheezing and the call of distant birds from absolute-black windows. One of them began to stir, one with skin so dark only the whites of his eyes and their hazel iris could be seen. Jerico was the first to speak. "Yo, Mistah... Ah....Ahdon'tthinkwegotallday. Yah know?"

"Impatient." from a woman standing just behind him. In the dim, her fierce brown eyes shown like jewels. This one, they all knew from the moment she had entered the bell tower, was Amazon. Her name was not Amazon, but it did not matter. That was her breed, tribe, tag and temperment. To the other five men, and one boy, she was Amazon. "Can't you see the Ancient wants us to solve some sort of riddle? This is all a Test, a test to see if we are true Templar!" The nut brown twins shot to the old man, not questioning if her words were true but confirming them. Once again, Wiseman chuckled. "Actually, I wanted to see if you'd wait as long as I did. Now we can begin." The Amazon opened her mouth, just about to speak, but shut it quickly. Her Tribe had great respect for elders, and knew not to challenge the mysteries of their minds, even if they may be senile. She felt that was the case with the Ancient.

The Wiseman struggled to his feet, the Youth rushed to help him to standing. Victor's taped and rubber-bound spec's sparkled with moon reflections. The Wiseman nodded his thanks and began to speak.

"My great Templar, may God bless thee...' You know why your here. Stories as old as the greatest cities and the Below themselves... You are those who seek Man's greatest prize, the Holy Grail. And I am but a sign post, pointing in the first direction you must search." The Seven listened intently. "Six of you will succeed. One will claim the prize. One will fail. And one will die." The Seven look to one another, Amazon's eyes fell on Jerico, whose clear hazel eyes narrowed towards another of the Seven. He was thin and frail, with skin so pale he could've been death himself. That one, Wraith, stared at the ground. Two of them, the twin brothers, Kyle and Kel, glanced at eachother. The last looked to be in his forties, slight wrinkles catching the moonlight in their crevasses, and wore a dusty trenchcoat and cowboy hat. He never gave up his name, so they first called him Texas. He said he'd lost a wife in Houston Below. Now they call him Kansas. Kansas was staring intently at Wiseman. The old man regarded each in turn before speaking.

"The one who fails and the one who dies will not be one and the same. It is not of prophesy which I speak, but of Structure. To put it simply, children, that's the way it is, has been, and will be."

Jerico's silhouette could be seen rubbing it's chin, the hazel-in-white orbs were gone, so his eyes must've closed. His deep voice was very quiet then, one would almost sense fear in it. "Ah ain't gonna be the dead man, you can bank on that shit."

"Maybe not, maybe so..." Said Kansas, without a hint of accent.

"Death is not the enemy, only an inevitability." Said the Wiseman. "No, the challenge's you face are much worse than death. The four

Guardians are like four gates, each must be passed." His hooded head lowered. "Each will take it's toll."

The Amazon stepped forward. "Great Ancient, I am eager to begin the quest and claim the prize..." Jerico muttered something about impatience, though she continued unfazed, "please tell us where our first direction lies..."

The old man's eye glowed, not with power but humor, as his hand rose. "Thatta way." He was pointing to the door. Before the Amazon's impatience grew to anger, the boy, Victor, placed a hand on the Wiseman's shoulder and asked, "What's over there, Wiseman?"

The old sage nodded approvingly. "The Floating market." Somehow, though no one in all the Below knew, everyone knew where the Floating market was. It would change it's place, _ Floating _ from location to location, but everyone knew where it was. It was simply common knowledge.

The old man nodded once more before shambling over to the bell. He touched it then, and something fell out. A rusted and battle worn shield. But through the filth and scarring, a crimson cross shown proudly, the paint, bright like cold metal. He hefted the great shield and handed it to Kansas, wordlessly.

The Wiseman gestured towards the door. The Seven knew the session had ended as abruptly as it began. And they had very little answers.

One of twins, no one could tell which, turned and opened the door behind them letting in a flood of light so bright it had thickness and substance, it actually hit with force. One by one, they paid respects to the Wiseman as he sat, cross-legged and began to drift into sleep. The last to leave was the boy, Victor. He stood for a moment before the Wiseman, both utterly silent. As he stepped through the door, he was sure the Wiseman was dead. Behind him, the bell tolled.

The montely crew stood in an open area, sun light now beating down on them. A family was standing on fake grass, it's youngest holding a club close to the ground. She let the club arch back, then forward, lightly tapping a red ball into a hole directly between the Amazon's legs. There were crowds in the Mini-golf course, but no one saw the Seven. They were of Tampa Below. They were throw aways from society in every sense, no longer seen by the Above. And they were now searching for what men died and killed for, for what the Above's great sages had debated for centuries. The last trace of Jesus.

The Holy grail.

A boy.

An Amazon.

A frail wraith.

A cowboy.

A street thug.

And the Twins.

Together, they began their trek to the Floating market. They had lucked out, the Market was being held nearby. They began to walk in the direction of Disney world, specifically, Epcot center.

End
file.